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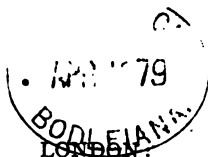
FAVORITE POEMS.

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

ILLUSTRATED

BY SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.



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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PRELUDE	7
A PSALM OF LIFE	12
THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS	13
FLOWERS	14
KING CHRISTIAN	17
THE HAPPIEST LAND	19
BEWARE!	21
THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS	22
THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTÈL-CUILLE	23
THE SKELETON IN ARMOR	37
THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS	44
THE ARROW AND THE SONG	48
THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS	49
RESIGNATION	52
THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS	54
THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH	56
IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY	59
GOD'S-ACRE	61

EDGE	
CHILDREN'S HOUR	
ESS	
AS BELLS	
Y AND THE BROOK	
GENE BEAUTIFUL	
EPS OF ANGELS	
HOOD	
BLET OF LIFE	
HILD	





VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

PRELUDE.

PLEASANT it was, when woods were green,
And winds were soft and low,
To lie amid some sylvan scene,
Where, the long drooping boughs between,
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen
Alternate come and go ;

Or where the denser grove receives
No sunlight from above,
But the dark foliage interweaves

I lay upon the ground ;
His hoary arms uplifted he,
And all the broad leaves over me
Clapped their little hands in glee,
With one continuous sound ;—

A slumberous sound,—a sound that
The feelings of a dream,—
As of innumerable wings,
As, when a bell no longer swings,
Faint the hollow murmur rings
O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

And dreams of that which cannot die
Bright visions, came to me,
As lapped in thought I used to lie,
And gaze into the summer sky,

And, loving still these quaint old themes,
Even in the city's throng
I feel the freshness of the streams,
That, crossed by shades and sunny gleams,
Water the green land of dreams,
The holy land of song.

Therefore, at Pentecost, which brings
The spring, clothed like a bride,
When nestling buds unfold their wings,
And bishop's-caps have golden rings,
Musing upon many things,
I sought the woodlands wide.

The green trees whispered low and mild ;
It was a sound of joy !
They were my playmates when a child
And rocked me in their arms so wild !
Still they looked at me and smiled,
As if I were a boy ;

And ever whispered, mild and low,
" Come, be a child once more !"
And waved their long arms to and fro,
And beckoned solemnly and slow ;
Oh, I could not choose but go
Into the woodlands hoar ;

Into the blithe and breathing air,
Into the solemn wood,
Solemn and silent everywhere !

Of tall and sombrous pines :
Abroad their fan-like branches go
And, where the sunshine darted to
Spread a vapor soft and blue,
In long and sloping lines.

And, falling on my weary brain,
Like a fast-falling shower,
The dream of youth came back again
Low lisplings of the summer rain,
Dropping on the ripened grain,
As once upon the flower.

Visions of childhood ! Stay, oh stay !
Ye were so sweet and wild !
And distant voices seemed to say,
' It cannot be ! They pass away

“ Learn, that henceforth thy song shall be,
Not mountains capped with snow,
Nor forests sounding like the sea,
Nor rivers flowing ceaselessly,
Where the woodlands bend to see
The bending heavens below.

“ There is a forest where the din
Of iron branches sounds !
A mighty river roars between,
And whosoever looks therein,
Sees the heavens all black with sin,—
Sees not its depths, nor bounds.

“ Athwart the swinging branches cast,
Soft rays of sunshine pour ;
Then comes the fearful wintry blast ;
Our hopes, like withered leaves, fall fast ;
Pallid lips say, ‘ It is past !
We can return no more !’

“ Look, then, into thine heart, and write !
Yes, into Life’s deep stream !
All forms of sorrow and delight,
All solemn Voices of the Night,
That can soothe thee, or affright,—
Be these henceforth thy theme.”

TELL me not, my friend,
"Life is but an empty dream
For the soul is dead that slumbers
And things are not what they seem
Life is real ! Life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time ;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

THERE is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

“ Shall I have nought that is fair ? ” saith he ;
“ Have nought but the bearded grain ?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again.”

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves ;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and
The flowers she most did love ;
She knew she should find them all
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day ;
'Twas an angel visited the green e
And took the flowers away.

FLOWERS.

SPAKE full well, in language qua
One who dwelleth by the castle

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those stars above ;
But not less in the bright flowerets under us
Stands the revelation of His love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
Written all over this great world of ours ;
Making evident our own creation,
In these stars of earth,—these golden flowers.

And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing,
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part
Of the self-same, universal being,
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,
Buds that open only to decay ;

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,
Flaunting gaily in the golden light ;
Large desires, with most uncertain issues,
Tender wishes, blossoming at night !

These in flowers and men are more than seeming ;
Workings are they of the self-same powers,
Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming,
Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us are they glowing,
Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born ;
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn ;

in the mountain-top, and by the br
equestered pools in woodland val
here the slaves of Nature stoop
alone in her vast dome of glory,
ot on graves of bird and beast al
in old Cathedrals, high and hoary
the tombs of heroes, carved in
ie cottage of the rudest peasant,
ancestral homes, whose crumblin
king of the Past unto the Presen
ll us of the ancient Games of Fl
l places, then, and in all seasons,
owers expand their light and soul
hing us, by most persuasive reaso
ow akin they are to human things

KING CHRISTIAN.

A NATIONAL SONG OF DENMARK.—FROM THE DANISH OF
JOHANNES EVALD.

KING CHRISTIAN stood by the lofty mast
In mist and smoke ;
His sword was hammering so fast,
Through Gothic helm and brain it passed ;
Then sank each hostile hulk and mast,
In mist and smoke.
“ Fly ! ” shouted they, “ fly, he who can !
Who braves of Denmark’s Christian
The stroke ? ”

Nils Juel gave heed to the tempest’s roar ;
Now is the hour !
He hoisted his blood-red flag once more,
And smote upon the foe full sore,
And shouted loud, through the tempest’s roar,
“ Now is the hour ! ”
“ Fly ! ” shouted they, “ for shelter fly !
Of Denmark’s Juel who can defy
The power ? ”

North Sea ! a glimpse of Wessel rent
Thy murky sky !
Then champions to thine arms were sent ;
Terror and Death glared where he went ;

1 of the Dane to fame and might !
Dark-rolling wave !
eive thy friend, who, scorning flight,
s to meet danger with despite,
udly as thou the tempest's might,
Dark-rolling wave !
d amid pleasures and alarms,
d war and victory, be thine arms
My grave !





THE HAPPIEST LAND.

FRAGMENT OF A MODERN BALLAD.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THERE sat one day in quiet,
By an alehouse on the Rhine,
Four hale and hearty fellows,
And drank the precious wine.

And not one rude word
 But, when the maid departed,
 A Swabian raised his hand,
 And cried, all hot and flushed w
 "Long live the Swabian land
 "The greatest kingdom upon ea
 Cannot with that compare ;
 With all the stout and hardy me
 And the nut-brown maidens th
 "Ha !" cried a Saxon, laughing,-
 And dashed his beard with win
 "I had rather live in Lapland,
 Than that Swabian land of thir
 "The goodliest land on all this ea
 It is the Saxon land !
 There have I as many maidens
 As fingers on this hand !"
 "Hold your tongues ! both Swabian
 A hold y

And then the landlord's daughter
Up to heaven raised her hand,
And said, "Ye may no more contend,—
There lies the happiest land !"

BEWARE !

FROM THE GERMAN.

I KNOW a maiden fair to see,
Take care !

She can both false and friendly be,
Beware ! Beware !
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee !

• She has two eyes, so soft and brown,
Take care !

She gives a side-glance and looks down
Beware ! Beware !
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee !

And she has hair of a golden hue,
Take care !

And what she says, it is not true,
Beware ! Beware !
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee !

She has a bosom as white as snow,
Take care !

She gives thee a garland woven to
Take care !
It is a fool's-cap for thee to wear,
Beware ! . Beware !
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee !

THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH F

THE sea hath its pearls,
The heaven hath its star
But my heart, my heart,
My heart hath its love.

Great are the sea and the heaven
Yet greater is my heart,
And fairer than pearls and stars

THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTÈL-CUILLÈ.

FROM THE GASCON OF JASMIN.

Only the Lowland tongue of Scotland might
Rehearse this little tragedy aright;
Let me attempt it with an English quill;
And take, O reader, for the deed the will.

JASMIN, the author of this beautiful poem, is to the South of France what Burns is to the South of Scotland,—the representative of the heart of the people,—one of those happy bards who are born with their mouths full of birds (*la bouco pleno d'aouzelous*). He has written his own biography in a poetic form, and the simple narrative of his poverty, his struggles and his triumphs, is very touching. He still lives at Agen, on the Garonne; and long may he live there to delight his native land with native songs!

Those who may feel interested in knowing something about "Jasmin, Coiffeur"—for such is his calling—will find a description of his person and mode of life in the graphic pages of *Blarn and the Pyrenees* (Vol. i. p. 369, *et seq.*), by Louisa Stuart Costello, whose charming pen has done so much to illustrate the French provinces and their literature.

I.

A^T the foot of the mountain height
Where is perched Castèl-Cuillè,
When the apple, the plum, and the almond-tree
In the plain below were growing white,
This is the song one might perceive
On a Wednesday morn of Saint Joseph's Eve:
"The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
So fair a bride shall leave her home!
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass to-day!"
This old Te Deum, rustic rites attending,

ie to the cliff, all singing the same strain
sembling there, so near unto the sky,
icing angels, that kind Heaven has sent
their delight and our encouragement.

Together blending,
And soon descending
The narrow sweep
Of the hill-side steep,
They wind aslant
Toward Saint Amant,
Through leafy alleys
Of verdurous valleys
With merry sallies
Singing their chant.

e roads should blossom, the roads should
ir a bride shall leave her home !
ld blossom and bloom with garlands ga;
ir a bride shall pass to-day !”

When one beholds the dusky hedges blossom,
A rustic bridal, ah ! how sweet it is !

To sounds of joyous melodies,
That touch with tenderness the trembling bosom.

A band of maidens,
Gaily frolicking,
A band of youngsters
Wildly rollicking !

Kissing,
Caressing,

With fingers pressing,
Till in the veriest

Madness of mirth, as they dance,
They retreat and advance,

Trying whose laugh shall be loudest and
merriest ;

While the bride, with roguish eyes,
Sporting with them, now escapes and cries :

“ Those who catch me
Married verily
This year shall be ! ”

And all pursue with eager haste,
And all attain what they pursue,
And touch her pretty apron fresh and new,
And the linen kirtle round her waist.

Meanwhile, whence comes it that among
These youthful maidens fresh and fair,
So joyous, with such laughing air,
Baptiste stands sighing, with silent tongue ?
And yet the bride is fair and young !

To see them so careless and cold
These are grand people, one w
What ails Baptiste? what grief do
It is, that, half way up the hill
In yon cottage, by whose walls
Stand the cart-house and the s
Dwelleth the blind orphan still
Daughter of a veteran old ;
And you must know, one year
That Margaret, the young and
Was the village pride and sple
And Baptiste her lover bold.
Love, the deceiver, them ensna
For them the altar was prepare
But alas ! the summer's blight,
The dread disease that none ca
The pestilence that walks by n
Took the young bride's sight a

To marry Angela, and yet
Is thinking ever of Margaret.

Then suddenly a maiden cried,
"Anna, Theresa, Mary, Kate ! [tain's side
Here comes the cripple Jane !" And by a foun-
A woman, bent and gray with years,
Under the mulberry-trees appears,
And all towards her run, as fleet
As had they wings upon their feet.

It is that Jane, the cripple Jane,
Is a soothsayer, wary and kind.
She telleth fortunes, and none complain.
She promises one a village swain,
Another a happy wedding-day,
And the bride a lovely boy straightway.
All comes to pass as she avers ;
She never deceives, she never errs.

But for this once the village seer
Wears a countenance severe,
And from beneath her eyebrows thin and white
Her two eyes flash like cannons bright
Aimed at the bridegroom in waistcoat blue,
Who, like a statue, stands in view ;
Changing color, as well he might,
When the beldame, wrinkled and gray,
Takes the young bride by the hand,
And, with the tip of her reedy wand
Making the sign of the cross, doth say :—
" Thoughtless Angela, beware !

But on a little streamlet silver-clear
 What are two drops of turbid
 Saddened a moment, the bride
 Resumed the dance and song
 The bridegroom only was pale with
 And down green alleys
 Of verdurous valleys,
 With merry sallies,
 They sang the refrain :—

“The roads should blossom, the roads
 So fair a bride shall leave her home
 Should blossom and bloom with green
 So fair a bride shall pass to-day !”

II.

And by suffering worn and weary
 But beautiful as some fair angel yet
 Thus lamented Margaret,
 In her cottage—

Come ! keep the promise of that happier day,
That I may keep the faith to thee I plighted !
What joy have I without thee ? what delight ?
Grief wastes my life, and makes it misery ;
Day for the others ever, but for me
 For ever night ! for ever night !
When he is gone 'tis dark ! my soul is sad !
I suffer ! O my God ! come, make me glad.
When he is near, no thoughts of day intrude ;
Day has blue heavens, but Baptiste has blue eyes !
Within them shines for me a heaven of love,
A heaven all happiness, like that above ;
 No more of grief ! no more of lassitude !
Earth I forget,—and heaven, and all distresses,
When seated by my side my hand he presses ;
 But when alone, remember all !
Where is Baptiste ? he hears not when I call !
A branch of ivy, dying on the ground,
 I need some bough to twine around !
In pity come ! be to my suffering kind !
True love, they say, in grief doth more abound !
 What then—when one is blind ?

“ Who knows ? perhaps I am forsaken !
Ah ! woe is me ! then bear me to my grave !
 O God ! what thoughts within me waken !
Away ! he will return ! I do but rave !
 He will return ! I need not fear !
 He swore it by our Saviour dear ;
 He could not come at his own will ;
 Is weary, or perhaps is ill !

And the door ajar is set,
And poor, confiding Marga
Rises, with outstretched arms, l
'Tis only Paul, her brother, wh
 "Angela the bride has pas
 I saw the wedding guests g
Tell me, my sister, why were w
 For all are there but you a

 "
 "Angela married ! and not
 To tell her secret unto me
 O, speak ! who may the b
 " My sister, 'tis Baptiste, tl

A cry the blind girl gave, but n
A milky whiteness spreads upo
 An icy hand, as heavy as l
 Descending as her brother

How merrily they laugh and jest !
Would we were bidden with the rest !
I would don my hose of homespun gray,
And my doublet of linen striped and gay ;
Perhaps they will come ; for they do not wed
Till to-morrow at seven o'clock, it is said ! ”

“ I know it ! ” answered Margaret ;
Whom the vision, with aspect black as jet,
Mastered again ; and its hand of ice
Held her heart crushed, as in a vice !

“ Paul, be not sad ! ’Tis a holiday ;
To-morrow put on thy doublet gay !
But leave me now for a while alone.”
Away, with a hop and a jump, went Paul,
And, as he whistled along the hall,
Entered Jane, the crippled crone.

“ Holy Virgin ! what dreadful heat !
I am faint, and weary, and out of breath !
But thou art cold,—art chill as death ;
My little friend ! what ails thee, sweet ? ”
“ Nothing ! I heard them singing home the bride ;
And, as I listened to the song,
I thought my turn would come ere long,
Thou knowest it is at Whitsuntide.
Thy cards forsooth can never lie,
To me such joy they prophesy,
Thy skill shall be vaunted far and wide
When they behold him at my side.

And poor Baptiste, what sayest thou ?
t must seem long to him : methinks I see him now !

“ The more I pray, the more I find
: is no sin, for God is on my side ! ”
: was enough ; and Jane no more re

low to all hope her heart is barred :
But to deceive the beldame old
She takes a sweet, contented air
Speaks of foul weather or of fear
At every word the maiden smiles
Thus the beguiler she beguiles ;
So that, departing at the evening’s close
She says, “ She may be saved
knows ! ”

Poor Jane, the cunning sorcerer
Now that thou wouldst, thou art not
This morning, in the fulness of thy
Thou wast so, far beyond thine

Decks with a huge bouquet her breast,
And flaunting, fluttering up and down.
Looks at herself, and cannot rest.

The other, blind, within her little room,
Has neither crown nor flower's perfume ;
But in their stead for something gropes apart
That in her drawer's recess doth lie,
And, 'neath her bodice of bright scarlet dye,
Convulsive clasps it to her heart.

The one, fantastic, light as air,
'Mid kisses ringing,
And joyous singing,

Forgets to say her morning prayer !

The other, with cold drops upon her brow,
Joins her two hands, and kneels upon the floor,
And whispers, as her brother opes the door,
" O God ! forgive me now ! "

And then the orphan, young and blind,
Conducted by her brother's hand
Towards the church, through paths unscanned,
With tranquil air her way doth wind.

Odors of laurel, making her faint and pale,
Round her at times exhale,
And in the sky as yet no sunny ray,
But brumal vapors gray.

Near that castle, fair to see,
Crowded with sculptures old, in every part
Marvels of nature and of art,
And proud of its name of high degree,

Round which the osprey screams
" Paul, lay thy noisy rattle by ! "
thus Margaret said. " Where are we
" Yes ; seest thou not our journey
fearest not the osprey from the belfry
he hideous bird, that brings ill-luck
lost thou remember when our father
The night we watched beside his
' O daughter, I am weak and low
Take care of Paul ; I feel that I am
And thou, and he, and I, all fell to c
Then on the roof the osprey screams
And here they brought our father in
There is his grave ; there stands the
Why dost thou clasp me so, dear M
Come in ! the bride will be here
Thou tremblest ! O my God ! the
swoon ! "
She could no more,—the blind girl, w

And when, beneath her feet, the unhappy maid
Crushes the laurel near the house immortal,
And with her head, as Paul talks on again,
Touches the crown of filigrane
Suspended from the low-arched portal,
No more restrained, no more afraid,
She walks, as for a feast arrayed,
And in the ancient chapel's sombre night
They both are lost to sight.

At length the bell,
With booming sound,
Sends forth, resounding round,
Its hymeneal peal o'er rock and down the dell.
It is broad day, with sunshine and with rain ;
And yet the guests delay not long,
For soon arrives the bridal train,
And with it brings the village throng.

In sooth, deceit maketh no mortal gay,
For lo ! Baptiste on this triumphant day,
Mute as an idiot, sad as yester-morning,
Thinks only of the beldame's words of warning.

And Angela thinks of her cross, I wis ;
To be a bride is all ! The pretty lisper
Feels her heart swell to hear all round her whisper,
" How beautiful ! how beautiful she is ! "

But she must calm that giddy head,
For already the mass is said ;
At the holy table stands the priest ;
The wedding ring is blessed ; Baptiste receives it ;

the wedding guests a
Opes the confessional, and the
"Baptiste," she said, "since th
death,

As holy water be my blood for th
And calmly in the air a knife
Doubtless her guardian angel
For anguish did its work so
That, ere the fatal stroke des
Lifeless she fell !

At eve, instead of bridal vers
The De Profundis filled the
Decked with flowers a single
To the churchyard forth they
Village girls in robes of snow
Follow, weeping as they go ;
Nowhere was a smile that da
No, ah no ! for each one seemed
"The roads shall mourn and be -

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.

PREFATORY NOTE.

The following Ballad was suggested to me while riding on the sea-beach at Newport. A year or two previous a skeleton had been dug up at Fall River, clad in broken and corroded armor; and the idea occurred to me of connecting it with the Round Tower at Newport, generally known hitherto as the Old Windmill, though now claimed by the Danes as a work of their early ancestors. Professor Rafn, in his *Mémoires de la Société Royale des Antiquaires du Nord*, for 1839, says,—

There is no mistaking in this instance the style in which the more ancient stone edifices of the North were constructed, the style which belongs to the Roman or Anti-Gothic architecture, and which, especially after the time of Charlemagne, diffused itself from Italy over the whole of the West and North of Europe, where it continued to dominate until the close of the twelfth century; that style which the authors have, from one of its most striking characteristics, called the round arch style, the same which in England is denominated Saxon and sometimes Norman architecture.

On the ancient structure in Newport there are no ornaments remaining which might possibly have served to guide us in assigning a probable date of its erection. That no vestige whatever is found of the pointed arch, nor any approximation to it, is indicative of an earlier rather than of a later period. From such characteristics as remain, however, we can scarcely form any other inference than one which I am persuaded that all who are familiar with Old Northern architecture will concur, THAT THIS BUILDING WAS ERECTED AT A PERIOD DECIDEDLY NOT LATER THAN THE TWELFTH CENTURY. This remark applies, of course, to the original building only, and not to the alterations that it subsequently received; for there are several such alterations in the upper part of the building which cannot be mistaken, and which were most likely occasioned by being adapted in modern times to various uses—for example, as a substructure of a windmill, and latterly as a hay magazine. To the same times may be referred the windows, the fireplace, and the structures made above the columns. That this building could not have been erected for a windmill is what an architect will easily discern."

I will not enter into a discussion of the point. It is sufficiently established for the purpose of a ballad, though doubtless many honest citizens of Newport, who have passed his days within sight of the Round Tower, will be ready to exclaim with Sancho, "God bless me! did I not warn you to have a care of what you were doing, that it was nothing but a windmill? and nobody could mistake it one who had the like in his head."

Stretched, as if asking alms
Why dost thou haunt me

Then, from those cavernous
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December ;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber

“ I was a Viking old !
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee !
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost not tell of me

Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

“Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow ;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

“But when I older grew
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led ;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

“Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long Winter out ;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail.
Filled to o'erflowing.

‘Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,

“ I wooed the blue-eyed inaid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade

Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frightened.

“ Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory ;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

* * * * *

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
 I was discarded !
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
 Her nest unguarded ?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,—
Fairest of all was she
 Among the Norsemen !—
When on the white-sea strand,
Waving his armèd hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
 With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
 When the wind failed us ;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
 Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death ! was the helmsman's hail,
 Death without quarter !
Mid-ships with iron keel

“ As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
 With his prey laden ;
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
 Bore I the maiden.

“ Three ~~weeks~~ we westward bore
And when the storm was o’er,
Cloudlike we saw the shore
 Stretching to lee-ward ;
There for my lady’s bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
 Stands looking seaward.

“ There lived we many years .

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen ;
Hateful to me were men,
 The sunlight hateful !
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
 O, death was grateful !

"Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
 My soul ascended !
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland! *skoal !*" *
—Thus the tale ended.

* In Scandinavia this is the customary *salutation* when drinking a health. I have slightly changed the orthography of the word, in order to preserve the correct pronunciation.





Blue, were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old sailòr,
Had sailed the Spanish Main,
“I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

“Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see !”
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the North-east ;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength ;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

“Come hither ! come hither ! my little daughtèr,
And do not tremble so ;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow.”

O say, what may it be?"
Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"
And he steered for the open sea.

O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?"
Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleam
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

And ever the fitful gusts between
 A sound came from the land ;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
 On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
 She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
 Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
 Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
 Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
 With the masts went by the board ;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
 Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared.

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach
 A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
 Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
 The salt tears in her eyes ;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
 On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
 In the midnight and the snow !
Christ save us all from a death like this,
 On the reef of Norman's Woe !

I SHOT an arrow into the air
It fell to earth, I knew not
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where
For who has sight so keen and clear
That it can follow the flight of

Long, long afterward, in another
I found the arrow, still unbroken
And the song, from beginning
I found again in the heart of





THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

L'éternité est une pendule, dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots seulement, dans le silence des tombeaux : "Toujours ! jamais ! Jamais ! toujours !" — JACQUES BRIDAINE.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country seat ;
Across its antique portico

C

And points and beckons with its hand
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak
Crosses himself, and sighs alas !
With sorrowful voice to all who pass
 " Forever—never !
 Never—forever ! "

By day its voice is low and light ;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say at each chamber door
 " Forever—never !
 Never—forever ! "

Through days of sorrow and of rest

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality ;
His great fires up the chimney roared ;
The stranger feasted at his board ;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased,—
“ Forever—never !
Never—forever ! ”

There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed ;
O precious hours ! O golden prime,
And affluence of love and time !
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—
“ Forever—never !
Never—forever ! ”

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night ;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow ;
And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—
“ Forever—never !
Never—forever ! ”

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead ;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
“ Ah ! when shall they all meet again ? ”
As in the days long since gone by,

Never here, —
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death, and time shall disappear
Forever there, but never here !
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly, —
“ Forever—never !
Never—forever ! ”

RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watched,
But one dead lamb is there !
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended
But has one vacant chair !
The air is full of farewells to the dying
And mournings for the dead ;
The heart of Rachel, for her children
Will not be comforted !

What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death ! What seems so is transition ;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air ;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her ;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child ;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace ;

That cannot be at rest,—
We will be patient, and assuage th
We may not wholly stay ;
By silence sanctifying, not conceal
The grief that must have way.

THE WARDEN OF THE CHURCH

A MIST was driving down the
The day was just begun,
And through the window-panes, or
Streamed the red autumn sun
It glanced on flowing flag and rip
And the white sails of ships ;
And, from the frowning rampart, t
Hailed it with feverish lips.

And now they roared at drum-beat from their
stations

On every citadel ;
Each answering each with morning salutations
That all was well.

And down the coast, all taking up the burden,
Replied the distant forts,
As if to summon from his sleep the Warden
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure,
No drum-beat from the wall,
No morning-gun from the black fort's embrasure
Awaken with their call.

No more surveying with an eye impartial
The long line of the coast,
Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field-Marshal
Be seen upon his post.

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,
In sombre harness mailed,
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer,
The rampart wall has scaled.

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,
The dark and silent room ;
And as he entered, darker grew and deeper
The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley or dissemble,
But smote the Warden hoar ;
Ah ! what a blow ! that made all England tremble,
And groan from shore to shore.

They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise !
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught !
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought ;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought !

I The darting swallows soar and
And from the stately elms I hear
 The blue-bird prophesying Spring
So blue yon winding river flows,
 It seems an outlet from the sky,
Where, waiting till the west wind blow,
 The freighted clouds at anchor lie
All things are new ;—the buds, the
 That gild the elm-tree's nodding
And even the nest beneath the eave
 There are no birds in last year's
All things rejoice in youth and love
 The fulness of their first delight
And learn from the soft heavens at
 The melting tenderness of night
Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme
 Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay



GOD'S-ACRE.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just ;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

Into its furrows shall we all be sown,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again,
At the great harvest, when the archangel
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff from the wheat.

Then shall the good stand in immortal life,
In the fair gardens of that second birth,
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers which never bloom again.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, thou hast sown,
And spread the furrow for the seed of life,
This is the field and Acre of our God,
'This is the place where human nature dwells.

BLIND BARTIMEUS

BLIND Bartimeus at the gate of Jerusalem,
In the darkness of his blindness wailed and wept.

The beggar's cry is shrill and loud ;
Until they say, " He calleth thee !"
Θάρσει, ἔγχειραι, φωνεῖ σε !

Then saith the Christ, as silent stands
The crowd, " What wilt thou at my hands ?"
And he replies, " O give me light !
Rabbi, restore the blind man's sight !"
And Jesus answers, "*Ὑπαγε*."
Ἦ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε !

Ye that have eyes, yet cannot see,
In darkness and in misery,
Recall those mighty Voices Thrice,
Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με !
Θάρσει, ἔγχειραι, ὕπαγε !
Ἦ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε !

EXCELSIOR.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior !

His brow was sad ; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath ;
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior !

“Try not the Pass!” the old man said
“Dark lowers the tempest overhead
The roaring torrent is deep and wide
And loud that clarion voice replied
Excelsior!”

“O stay,” the maiden said, “and
Thy weary head upon this breast!
A tear stood in his bright blue eye
But still he answered, with a sigh
Excelsior!”

“Beware the pine-tree’s withered
Beware the awful avalanche!”
This was the peasant’s last Good-bye
A voice replied, far up the height
Excelsior!”

— as heavenward

Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior !

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior !

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

CARILLON.

IN the ancient town of Bruges,
In the quaint old Flemish city,
As the evening shades descended,
Low and loud and sweetly blended,
Low at times and loud at times,
And changing like a poet's rhymes,
Rang the beautiful wild chimes
From the Belfry in the market
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

Then, with deep sonorous clangor
Calmly answering their sweet anger,
When the wrangling bells had ended,
Slowly struck the clock eleven,
And, from out the silent heaven,
Silence on the town descended :
Silence, silence everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,

But amid my broken slumbers
Still I heard those magic numbers,
As they loud proclaimed the flight
And stolen marches of the night ;
Till their chimes in sweet collision
Mingled with each wandering vision
Mingled with the fortune-telling
Gipsy-bands of dreams and fancies
Which amid the waste expanses
Of the silent land of trances
Have their solitary dwelling.
All else seemed asleep in Bruges,
In the quaint old Flemish city.

And I thought, how like these chimes
The poet's own rhymes.

Hearing the music as they pass,
But deeming it no more, alas !
Than the hollow sound of brass.

Yet perchance a sleepless wight,
Lodging at some humble inn
In the narrow lanes of life,
When the dusk and hush of night
Shut out the incessant din
Of daylight and its toil and strife,
May listen with a calm delight
To the poet's melodies,
Till he hears, or dreams he hears,
Intermingled with the song,
Thoughts that he has cherished long ;
Hears amid the chime and singing,
The bells of his own village ringing,
And wakes, and finds his slumberous eys
Wet with most delicious tears.

Thus dreamed I, as by night I lay
In Bruges, at the Fleur-de-Blé,
Listening with a wild delight
To the chimes that, through the night,
Rang their changes from the Belfry
Of that quaint old Flemish city.

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

IN the market-place of Bruges stands the Belfry
old and brown ;
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt, still it
watches o'er the town.

streams and vapors gray,
as a shield embossed with silver, round
the landscape lay.

my feet the city slumbered. From its
here and there,
breaths of snow-white smoke, ascending
ghost-like, into air.

at a sound rose from the city at
morning hour,
that I heard a heart of iron beating in
tower.

from their nests beneath the rafters
swallows wild and high ;
and the world, beneath me sleeping, so
distant than the sky.

then most musical and solemn, bringing
olden times,

Visions of the day departed, shadowy phantoms
filled my brain ;
They who lived in history only seemed to walk the
earth again ;

All the Foresters of Flanders,—mighty Baldwin
Bras de Fer,
Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy, Philip, Guy de
Dampierre.

I beheld the pageants splendid, that adorned those
days of old ;
Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who
bore the Fleece of Gold ; *

Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden
argosies ;
Ministers from twenty nations ; more than royal
pomp and ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on
the ground ;
I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk
and hound ;

And her lighted bridal chamber, where a duke slept
with the queen,
And the armed guard around them, and the sword
unsheathed between.

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and
Juliers bold,

* Philippe de Bourgogne, surnamed Le Bon, espoused Isabella of Portugal, on the 10th of January, 1430; and on the same day instituted the famous order of the Fleece of Gold.

Dragon's nest."

And again the whiskered Spaniard all the
terror smote ;

And again the wild alarum sounded
tocsin's throat ;

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er la
dyke of sand,

"I am Roland ! I am Roland ! there is
the land !" †

Then the sound of drums aroused
awakened city's roar

Chased the phantoms I had summoned
their graves once more.

Hours had passed away like minutes, and
was aware,

Shadow of the Belfry cross

RAIN IN SUMMER.

HOW beautiful is the rain !
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain !

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs !
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout !
Across the window pane
It pours and pours ;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain !

The sick man from his chamber
Looks at the twisted brooks ;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool ;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighboring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion ;
And down the wet streets

In the country, on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier ground
How welcome is the rain ! -

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapors that arise
From the well-watered and smoking
For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these,
The Poet sees !
He can behold
Aquarius old
Walking the fenceless fields of air ;
And from each ample fold
Of the clouds about him rolled
Scattering everywhere
The showery rain,
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold
Things manifold
That have not yet been wholly told,
Have not been wholly sung nor said.
For his thought, that never stops,
Follows the water-drops
Down to the graves of the dead,
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,
To the dreary fountain-head
Of lakes and rivers underground ;
And sees them, when the rain is done,
On the bridge of colors seven
Climbing up once more to heaven,
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,
With vision clear,

Till glimpses more
Of things, unseen before,
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The Universe, as an immeasurab
Turning for evermore
In the rapid and rushing river of

THE BRIDGE.

I STOOD on the bridge at mid
As the clocks were striking
And the moon rose o'er the city
Behind the dark church-towe
I saw her bright reflection
In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea.

As, sweeping and eddying through them,
Rose the belated tide,
And, streaming into the moonlight,
The sea-weed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, O, how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight
And gazed on that wave and sky !

How often, O, how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide !

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea ;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless
And the old subdued and slow

And for ever and for ever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions
As long as life has woes ;

The moon and its broken reflecti
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven
And its wavering image here.

THE CHILDREN'S H

BETWEEN the dark and th
When the night is begin

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall-stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence :
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting, and planning together,
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall !
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall !

They climb up into my turret,
O'er the arms and back of my chair ;
If I try to escape they surround me ;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse Tower on the Rhine !

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all !

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

WEARINESS.

O LITTLE feet ! that such long year
Must wander on through hopes and
Must ache and bleed beneath your load
I, nearer to the wayside inn,
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary, thinking of your road !
O little hands ! that, weak or strong,
Have still to serve or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask ;
I, who so much with book and pen
Have toiled among my fellow-men,
Am weary, thinking of your task.
O little hearts ! that throb and beat
With such impatient, feverish heat,
With limitless and strong desires ;

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

I HEARD the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

Then from each black accursèd mouth
The cannon thundered in the South,
And with the sound
The carols drowned
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearthstones of a continent,
And made forlorn
The households born
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

Engulfs them
And turbulent ocean

In the country, o
Where far and wide
Like a leopard's
Stretches the plain
To the dry grass
How welcome is

In the furrowed
The toilsome and
Lifting the yoke-
With their dilated
They silently inhale
The clover-scented
And the vapors that
From the well-watered
rest in the



Of peace on earth, good-will to men

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep
"God is not dead ; nor doth He sleep
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men

THE BOY AND THE BROOK

ARMENIAN POPULAR SONG, FROM THE PROSE VERSION OF

DOWN from yon distant mountain height
The brooklet flows through the village
A boy comes forth to wash his hands,
Washing, yes washing, there he stands,
In the water cool and sweet.

"Brook, from what mountain dost thou come
O my brooklet cool and sweet !"

"I come from yon mountain high and cold
From the old.

" Brook, to what garden dost thou go ?

O my brooklet cool and sweet ! "

" I go to that garden in the vale

Where all night long the nightingale

Her love-song doth repeat."

" Brook, to what fountain dost thou go ?

O my brooklet cool and sweet ! "

" I go to that fountain, at whose brink

The maid that loves thee comes to drink,

And, whenever she looks therein,

I rise to meet her, and kiss her chin,

And my joy is then complete."

THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

" **H**ADST thou stayed, I must have fled ! "

That is what the Vision said.

In his chamber all alone,

Kneeling on the floor of stone,

Prayed the Monk in deep contrition—

For his sins of indecision—

Prayed for greater self-denial

In temptation and in trial ;

It was noonday by the dial,

And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,

An unwonted splendor brightened

All within him and without him,

In that narrow cell of stone ;

Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,
Not with bleeding hands and
Did the Monk his Master see
But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest field,
Halt and lame and blind he
When he walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom cross
Wondering, worshipping, ad
Knelt the Monk in rapture
Lord, he thought, in heaven
Who am I, that thus thou do
To reveal thyself to me?

Who am I, that from the ce

· It was now the appointed hour
When alike, in shine or shower,
Winter's cold or Summer's heat,
To the convent portals came
All the blind and halt and lame,
All the beggars of the street,
For their daily dole of food
Dealt them by the brotherhood ;
And their almoner was he,
Who upon his bended knee,
Wrapt in silent ecstasy
Of divinest self-surrender,
Saw the Vision and the Splendor.

Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his adoration ;
Should he go, or should he stay ?
Should he leave the poor to wait
Hungry at the convent gate,
Till the Vision passed away ?
Should he slight his heavenly guest,
Slight this visitant celestial,
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent gate ?
Would the Vision there remain ?
Would the Vision come again ?

Then a voice within his breast
Whispered audible and clear
As if to the outward ear :
" Do thy duty ; that is best—
Leave unto thy Lord the rest ! "

Slowly on his way

At the gate the poor were waiting,
Looking through the iron grating,
With that terror in the eye
That is only seen in those
Who amid their wants and woes
Hear the sound of doors that close,
And of feet that pass them by !
Grown familiar with disfavour,
Grown familiar with the savour
Of the bread by which men die !
But to-day, they knew not why,
Like the gate of Paradise
Seemed the convent gate to rise ;
Like a sacrament divine
Seemed to them the bread and wine
In his heart the Monk was praying
Thinking of the homeless poor,
What they suffer and endure ;
 see not. what we see ;

Come a mendicant imploring,
Would he then have knelt adoring,
Or have listened with derision,
And have turned away with loathing ?
Thus his conscience put the question,
Full of troublesome suggestion,
As at length, with hurried pace,
Towards his cell he turned his face,
And beheld the convent bright
With a supernatural light,
Like a luminous cloud expanding
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck feeling
At the threshold of his door,
For the Vision still was standing
As he left it there before,
When the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Summoned him to feed the poor.
Through the long hour intervening
It had waited his return,
And he felt his bosom burn,
Comprehending all the meaning,
When the Blessed Vision said,
“ Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled ! ”



V V And the voices of
Wake the better soul, that slumbere
To a holy, calm delight ;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight
Dance upon the parlor wall ;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door ;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more ;

He, the young and strong, who ch
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life !

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died !

MAIDENHOOD.

MAIDEN ! with the meek, brown eyes
In whose orbs a shadow lies,
Like the dusk in evening skies !

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run !

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood meet !

Bear a lily in thy hand ;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds, that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal ;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

THE GOBLET OF LIFE.

FILLED is Life's goblet to the brim !
And though my eyes with tears are dim,
I see its sparkling bubbles swim,
And chant a melancholy hymn
With solemn voice and slow.

No purple flowers, no garlands green,
Conceal the goblet's shade or sheen,
Nor maddening draughts of Hippocrene,
Like gleams of sunshine, flash between
Thick leaves of mistletoe.

This goblet, wrought with curious art,
Is filled with waters, that upstart

And as it were
With fennel is it wreathed and
Whose seed and foliage sun-im
Are in its waters steeped and d
And give a bitter taste.

Above the lowly plants it towe
The fennel, with its yellow flo
And in an earlier age than our
Was gifted with the wondrous
Lost vision to restore.

It gave new strength and fea
And gladiators, fierce and ru
Mingled it in their daily foo
And he who battled and sub
A wreath of fennel wor

Then in Life's goblet freely
The leaves that give it bitte
Nor prize the colored water

The prayer of Ajax was for light :
Thro' all that dark and desperate fight,
The blackness of that noonday night,
He asked but the return of sight
To see his foeman's face.

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer
Be, too, for light,—for strength to bear
Our portion of the weight of care,
That crushes into dumb despair
One half the human race.

O suffering, sad humanity !
O ye afflicted ones, who lie
Steeped to the lips in misery,
Longing and yet afraid to die,
Patient, though sorely tried !

I pledge you in this cup of grief,
Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf !
The Battle of our Life is brief,
The alarm,—the struggle,—the relief,—
Then sleep we side by side.



With merry music,
I gaze at the painted tiles,
These figures grace,
In many a grotesque form and face,
The ancient chimney of thy nursery !
The lady with the gay macaw,
The dancing girl, the brave bashaw
With bearded lip and chin ;
The d, leaning idly o'er his gate,
The neath the imperial fan of state,
The Chinese mandarin.

With what a look of proud command
Thou shakest in thy little hand
The coral rattle with its silver bells,
Making a merry tune !
Thousands of years in Indian seas
The sun has moved slow degrees,

Or Potosi's o'erhanging pines !
And thus for thee, O little child,
Through many a danger and escape,
The tall ships passed the stormy cape ;
For thee in foreign lands remote,
Beneath the burning, tropic skies,
The Indian peasant, chasing the wild goat,
Himself as swift and wild,
In falling, clutched the frail arbute,
The fibres of whose shallow root,
Uplifted from the soil, betrayed
The silver veins beneath it laid,
The buried treasures of dead centuries.

But, lo ! thy door is left ajar !
Thou hearest footsteps from afar
And, at the sound,
Thou turnest round
With quick and questioning eyes,
Like one who, in a foreign land,
Beholds on every hand
Some source of wonder and surprise !
And, restlessly, impatiently,
Thou strivest, strugglest, to be free.
The four walls of thy nursery
Are now like prison walls to thee.
No more thy mother's smiles,
No more the painted tiles,
Delight thee, nor the playthings on the floor,
That won thy little, beating heart before ;
Thou strugglest for the open door.

With the joy of thy young heart,
O'er the light of whose gladness
No shadows of sadness
From the sombre background of m
Once, ah, once, within these walls,
One whom memory oft recalls,
The Father of his Country dwelt.
And yonder meadows broad and d:
The fires of the besieging camp
Encircled with a burning belt.
Up and down these echoing stairs,
Heavy with the weight of cares,
Sounded his majesty's tread ;
Yes, within this very room
Sat he in those hours of gloom,
Weary both in heart and head.

As restless as the bee.
Along the garden walks
The tracks of thy small carriage-wheels I trace,
And see at every turn how they efface
Whole villages of sand-roofed tents,
That rise like golden domes
Above the cavernous and secret homes
Of wandering and nomadic tribes of ants.
Ah, cruel little Tamerlane,
Who, with thy dreadful reign,
Dost persecute and overwhelm
These hapless Troglodytes of thy realm !
What ! tired already ! with those suppliant looks,
And voice more beautiful than a poet's books,
Or murmuring sound of water as it flows,
Thou comest back to parley with repose !
This rustic seat in the old apple-tree,
With its o'erhanging golden canopy
Of leaves illuminate with autumnal hues,
And shining with the argent light of dews,
Shall for a season be our place of rest.
Beneath us, like an oriole's pendent nest,
From which the laughing birds have taken wing,
By thee abandoned, hangs thy vacant swing.
Dream-like the waters of the rivers gleam ;
A sailless vessel drops adown the stream,
And like it, to a sea as wide and deep,
Thou driftest gently down the tides of sleep.
O child ! O new-born denizen
Of life's great city ! on thy head

You openest the way
 to the future's undiscovered land.
 see its valves expand,
 s at the touch of Fate !
 into those realms of love and hate,
 into that darkness blank and drear,
 by some prophetic feeling taught,
 launch the bold, adventurous thought,
 freighted with hope and fear ;
 As upon subterranean streams,
 In caverns unexplored and dark,
 Men sometimes launch a fragile bark,
 Laden with flickering fire,
 And watch its swift-receding beams,
 Until at length they disappear,
 And in the distant dark expire.

By what astrology of fear or hope
Dare I to cast thy horoscope !
Like the new moon thy life appears

A prophecy and intimation,
A pale and feeble adumbration,
Of the great world of light, that lies
Behind all human destinies.
Ah ! if thy fate, with anguish fraught,
Should be to wet the dusty soil
With the hot tears and sweat of toil,
To struggle with imperious thought,
Until the overburdened brain,
Weary with labor, faint with pain,
Like a jarred pendulum, retain
Only its motion, not its power,—
Remember, in that perilous hour,
When most afflicted and oppressed,
From labor there shall come forth rest.
And if a more auspicious fate
On thy advancing steps await,
Still let it ever be thy pride
To linger by the laborer's side ;
With words of sympathy or song
To cheer the dreary march along
Of the great army of the poor,
O'er desert sand, o'er dangerous moor.
Nor to thyself the task shall be
Without reward ; for thou shalt learn
The wisdom early to discern
True beauty in utility ;
As great Pythagoras of yore,
Standing beside the blacksmith's door,
And hearing the hammers, as they smote
The anvils with a different note,

And I will not

Enough ! I will not play the Seer ;
I will no longer strive to ope
The mystic volume, where appear
The herald Hope, forerunning Fear,
And Fear, the pursuivant of Hope.
Thy destiny remains untold ;
For, like Acestes' shaft of old,
The swift thought kindles as it flies,
And burns to ashes in the skies.





